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BOOK


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MY OWN HYMN BOOK

Illustrated with *Fourteen Engravings.*

"Feed my lambs." — JOHN xxi. 15.

John Burton

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MY OWN HYMN BOOK.



1. MORNING.

DARK night is gone away ;
The sun is in the skies :
Again I see the light of day ;
Again from sleep I rise.

I thank the Lord above,
That I have slept in peace,
And now awake to praise his love,
Whose mercies never cease.

Now let me kneel and pray,
That God my soul may take
Under his care all thro' this day,
For Christ my Saviour's sake.

2. EVENING.

THE sun is in the west ;
The close of day I see :
Once more I go to take my rest ;
The Lord has cared for me.

Now let me praise his name,
Who kept me thro' the day ;
And while I own my sins with shame,
For pardon let me pray.

Then may I fall asleep,
And rest upon my bed,
Till morning light again shall peep,
And rouse my sleeping head.

3. GOD IS GOOD AND KIND.

How very kind is God to me!
Look where I may, his gifts I see;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are tokens of my Maker's care.

He guards me both by day and night:
It is his sun that gives me light;
And while in sleep my rest I take,
He keeps me safely till I wake.

When I am ill, he knows my pain,
And often makes me well again
When I am well, he keeps me so;
And all I have to him I owe.

He gives me friends and teachers kind,
Who seek to train my infant mind,
His holy name to know and love,
And raise my thoughts to things above.

Lord, let thy tender love to me
Draw forth my heart in love to thee;
Love that shall lead me to obey,
And serve and praise thee day by day.

4. MY MOTHER.



I OUGHT to love my mother ;
She loved me long ago :
There is on earth no other
That ever loved me so.
When a weak babe, much trial
I caused her, and much care :
For me no self-denial,
No labour did she spare.

When in my cradle lying,
Or on her loving breast,
She gently hushed my crying,
And rocked her babe to rest.
When anything has ailed me,
To her I've told my grief;
Her fond love never failed me,
In finding some relief.

What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?—
It is my mother's face.
What sound is that which ever
Makes my young heart rejoice,
With tones that tire me never?—
It is my mother's voice.

My mother! dearest mother!
She loved me long ago;
There is on earth no other
That ever loved me so.
I ought to try to please her,
And all her words to mind;

And never vex or tease her
Nor speak a word unkind.

When she is ill, to tend her
My daily care shall be :
Such help as I can render,
Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
For all her tender care,
I'll honour and obey her,
While God our lives shall spare.

5. A LITTLE CHILD MAY BE USEFUL.

A LITTLE child I am indeed,
And little do I know,
Much help and care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may ;

God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

I am not strong enough, I know,
To earn my daily bread;
I cannot dig, nor plough, nor sow,
And yet I must be fed :
But if I try, I think I may
Just do a little day by day.

I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways :
Plenty to do the young may find.
In these our busy days :
Sad would it be, tho' young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed ;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing ?

Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan,—
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

6. NEVER WASTE ANYTHING.

WHILE some poor children that I meet
Have very little food to eat,
Thanks to my heavenly Father's care,
I have enough, and some to spare.

Then never must I waste that bread,
By which the hungry may be fed,
For those who throw their food away,
May live to want that food some day.

Not anything should I destroy,
Which others may for good employ ;
Nor even tread beneath my feet
A crumb some little bird would eat.

I must not little things despise,
For much from little things may rise ;

And every moment, every mite,
Is of some worth, when used aright.

7. THE BEE.



I LOVE to see
The busy bee,
I love to watch the hive ;
When the sun's hot ;
They linger not,
It makes them all alive.

God gives them skill,
And, with good will,
They to their work attend ;
Each little cell
Is shaped so well,
That none their work can mend.

Now in, now out,
They move about,
Yet all in order true ;
Each seems to know
Both where to go,
And what it has to do.

Mid summer heat,
The honey sweet
It gathers while it may,
In tiny drops,
And never stops
To waste its time in play.

I hear it come,
I know its hum ;
It flies from flower to flower :

And to its store
A little more
It adds, each day and hour.
Just so should I
My heart apply,
My proper work to mind :
Look for some sweet
In all I meet,
And store up all I find.

8. HOW TO LEARN A LESSON.

AN easy lesson may appear
Too hard at first for me,
Although to others very clear,
And simple as can be.
If with good will I try to learn,
Soon I may find it plain ;
But if from it in haste I turn,
Hard it will still remain.
It will not do to think or say—
“ ’Tis of no use to try ; ”

To give it up is not the way,
Nor yet to fret or cry.

The way to make that lesson plain,
Which now too hard I find,
Is but to try, and try again,
With all my heart and mind.

I know not what I may get through
In time, with proper care ;
What others have done I may do,
And their reward may share.

9. GOING ON TO LEARN.

How glad I am that I can read ;
For would it not be sad indeed,
If I should say, This book is mine,
While yet I could not read a line ?

How much to my kind friends I owe,
Who taught me nearly all I know ;
I hope I shall, some future day,
Their tender love and care repay.

But I have only just begun ;
A great deal more must yet be done ;
If wise and useful I would grow,
I must go on to learn, I know.



And so I will, with all my power,
From day to day, from hour to hour ;
For though much time and pains it cost,
It never will be labour lost.

10. A LESSON OF TRUTH.

THERE is a holy God above,
Who truth and right doth ever love ;
They who would please him must be true,
In all they speak and all they do.

We must not tell a lie in play,
For God hears every word we say ;
And he knows what we think within,
And all that is not true is sin.

Then if some evil we have done,
To speak the truth we must not shun ;
Far better that we bear the blame,
Than tell a lie to hide our shame.

For this would never hide it long ;
God always knows when we do wrong :
And he who lives and dies a liar,
Will perish in the lake of fire.

11. A LESSON OF LOVE.

LITTLE children, love each other ;
Kind, and good, and gentle be :
Brother should be kind to brother
Sisters should in love agree.
Love your playmates, try to please them ;
Let no thing be said or done,
Which would hurt, or vex, or tease them,
Or would injure any one.

All who love God, love each other,
And desire to do no ill :
Cruel Cain ! he killed his brother,—
Why did Cain his brother kill ?
Just because his works were evil,
And his brother's pure and right ;
Wicked Cain, urged by the devil,
Killed him in a fit of spite.

Quarrel not, but love each other,
And be ready to forgive ;
Let each sister and each brother
Seek in love and peace to live

Not in word or tongue love merely,
But in deed, with heart and mind;
Show you love them truly, dearly;
Both in word and act be kind.

Little children! love each other;
Show true love to great and small;
Love your father and your mother,
And love God the most of all.
God is love; and he has told you,
If you try to live in love,
Then will he with love behold you,
And will bless you from above.

12. BE KIND.

LET us be kind, for God above
Kind actions loves to see;
And he would have us dwell in love,
A happy family.

The Lord is kind to all that live,
And so should we be kind;
Such help or ease as we can give,
Should all around us find.

We must not hurt a worm, a fly,
Or any living thing ;
But if they need it, we should try
Our feeble help to bring.

Much more should we be kind to those
Whom God like us has made ;
And freely yield, in all their woes,
Our pity and our aid.

When thus we try to help the weak,
And cheer the sick or sad,
Each kind and tender word we speak,
Will make our own hearts glad.

Let us be kind to all we meet,
And gentle as the dove ;
And show a temper mild and sweet,
A heart brimful of love.

13. HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.



HONOUR thy father, and obey,
Honour thy mother too ;
Do not refuse, do not delay
What they would have thee do.

Thy father!—he has toiled for thee,
And felt for thee much care ;
Thy mother!—none can tell what she
Has had, for thee, to bear.

Obeys your parents in the Lord ;
Submit, as in his sight ;
Obeys them, love them, mind their word,
For this, you know, is right.

Do all you can their hearts to cheer,
When grief upon them lies,
And gently wipe away the tear
Of sorrow from their eyes.

14. MY HAPPY HOME.

HOME is a happy place to me,
The place where most I love to be ;
For there true love and joy I find,
And all that's dear, and all that's kind.

To come from school at close of day,
From walks abroad, or from my play,
At the fireside, in love to meet
Brother and sister—this is sweet.

To climb upon my father's knee,
My mother's smiling face to see,
And feel her kind and dear embrace,
Oh ! this makes home a happy place.

Kind looks, kind words, and love sincere,
Make home to me a place so dear ;
Then let me ever try, by these,
To cheer and bless, to serve and please.

15. SOME HAVE NO HOME.

I PITY those who have no home,
But beg their bread, or idly roam :
Some young as I, no mother's care,
Nor father's tender kindness share.

Like them, without a home, and wild,
I might have been a beggar's child,
The pains of hunger oft to feel,
And learn, like some of them, to steal.

I pity them, and, if I could,
How I should like to do them good ;
To tell them of the Saviour's love,
And of a better world above.

That world of joy, that home of peace,
Where love shall never, never cease ;
Where there is room for all to meet,
Before our heavenly Father's feet.

16. GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

GOD lives in heaven, above our sight ;
He made the sun that shines so bright,
He made the moon and stars on high,
And all we see below the sky.

He made the earth, he made the seas,
The flowers and fruits, the herbs and trees ;
The birds that fly, the fish that swim,
And all that live, were made by him.

His works, spread out before our eyes,
Show he is good, and strong, and wise ;
Some very great, some very small,—
In wisdom he has made them all.

He made us, too, that we might know,
And serve, and love him here below ;
Then go to heaven, that happy place,
Where saints and angels see his face.

He sent his Son our sins to bear,
That we might crowns of glory wear,
And live for ever in his sight,
Where all is holy, pure, and bright.

17. THE EARTH.

THE works of God his glory show,
All are so wisely planned ;
Only a little can we know
Of things so great and grand.

Wise men, by search, have found out much
About the earth and skies ;
And many things they tell are such
As fill us with surprise.

Shaped like an orange or a ball,
Our earth flies round the sun ;
It does not turn aside at all,
But ever onwards run.

Round the vast circle, once a year,
It moves with wondrous speed ;
And thus the seasons all appear,
And one by one recede.

And while, to make our day and night,
It spins round like a wheel,
We yet can walk and stand upright,
For we no motion feel.

These things, and many more as strange,
We soon may better know,
Both in the lofty sky's wide range,
And in the earth below.

Then since, in what God's hand has wrought,
We can such wonders see,
How great and wise, beyond our thought,
Must He who made them be !

18. THE SEASONS.

THE world, with all that dwell therein,
Was made by God, we know ;
And all was good, till spoiled by sin :
The Bible tells us so.

Beauty and order still appear
In all that God has made ;
In the four seasons of the year,
The daylight and the shade.

In spring we look abroad and see
The earth new dressed in green ;
In every plant, and flower, and tree,
New life is daily seen.

Next summer fruits and flowers adorn
The garden and the field ;
Till autumn, with its ripened corn,
To man its fruits doth yield.



Then winter comes, with frost and snow,
And windy storm and rain ;
And little in the earth will grow,
Till spring comes round again.
So day and night, and heat and cold,
Obey our Maker's will,

And all his works which we behold
Some useful end fulfil.

19. THE STARS.

WHAT are those stars that shine on high,
Which oft by night I view,
Like little holes bored in the sky,
To let the glory through?

Those stars, though little in our sight,
Are worlds which God has made;
He makes them shine so clear and bright,
In the dark evening shade.

I cannot count them, nor can tell
The uses they fulfil;
But God our Maker knows them well,
And guides them at his will.

I wonder much that eyes like mine
Those starry worlds can see;
Great God! it was thy power divine
That made both them and me.

20. THE RAINBOW.

OH! I have seen a pretty sight!—

An arch across the sky,

A bow, with many colours bright :

It looked so grand, so high.

The rain had almost passed away,

The sun was at my back ;

But dark clouds still before me lay ;—

Far off the sky was black.

Just then the sun shone forth again,

With beams so strong and clear ;

It shone upon the drops of rain,

And made that arch appear.

It is the rainbow—God's own bow,

Set in the cloud above ;

That all who look on it may know

His mercy, truth, and love.

To Noah, when the flood was o'er,

Did God this token give,

That he would drown the earth no more,

With all that on it live.

Then when, in colours bright and fair,
I see the rainbow shine,
I'll think of Him who placed it there,
And own his hand divine.

21. GOD MADE ME.

God made me by his power,
He formed my mortal frame
And at my life's first hour,
From him my spirit came.
And every thing I call my own,
I have received from him alone.

He gave me eyes to see ;
He formed my ears to hear ;
This tongue he made for me
To speak with voice so clear :
I might have been born blind, like some ;
Or born, like others, deaf and dumb.

My hands and feet he made,
These busy fingers too,
That I might, with his aid,
Learn useful things to do,

Be active, while on earth I dwell,
And never tire in doing well.

May I his will obey,
For all his will is love,
While in this world I stay,
And in the world above ;
Then shall I see my Maker's face,
And praise him better for his grace.

22. GOD KEEPS ME.



FROM his high throne above the sky,
The Lord can all things see ;

I cannot see him, but his eye
Looks kindly down on me.
He cared for me before I knew
That I had such a Friend ;
When my first feeble breath I drew,
He did my life defend.
And while I was a baby weak,
He taught my thoughts to rise ;
And long before I learned to speak,
He heard my infant cries.
He keeps me still, by his great power
From danger, night and day ;
I could not live a single hour,
If he were far away.
But he is always near and kind,
And loves to hear my prayer ;
May I his tender mercy find,
And trust his love and care.

23. ABOUT JESUS.

Who is He that, out of love,
Came to save us from above ?

God's own Son, to save us came ;
Jesus is his lovely name.

Oh what love that moved him thus
To become a child like us !
That we little ones might see,
In his life, what we should be.

Jesus was a holy child,
Humble, patient, meek, and mild ;
He obeyed his mother, too,
And in wisdom daily grew.

Like him may we seek to be
From all evil tempers free ;
And as daily more we know,
More like Jesus may we grow.

24. JESUS LOVED THE YOUNG.

FULL of love was Jesus found
To the little ones around ;
And his tender loving eye
Would not pass an infant by.

Once, when such to him were led,
Oh what gentle words he said !

While he took them up, and smiled
Kindly on each little child.

“Let the young ones come to me
And forbid them not,” said he ;
“Many such, in heaven above,
Dwell with me and share my love.”

Jesus ever loved the young,
And when once his praise they sung,*
He was pleased to hear the same ;
So ought we to praise his name.

25. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

JESUS, when on earth he dwelt,
Pain and sorrow often felt,
Yet he felt for others more,
When our sins and woes he bore.

Ever glad to bless and save,
To the needy help he gave,
To the poor was ever kind,
Healed the sick, and cured the blind.

* Matt. xix. 13, 14.

Thus he showed great love and power,
Doing good from hour to hour,
Till the wicked men, one day,
Joined to take his life away.

Jesus died, our souls to save ;
Then he rose and left the grave,
Went up where he was before,—
There he lives, to die no more.

26. ABOUT SIN.

I KNOW that I was born in sin
I feel much evil work within ;
Sins that offend my Maker's eyes,
Dwell in my heart, and often rise.

How do I grieve my parents dear
When cross or angry I appear,
When I am vain, or rude, or bold,
And do not mind what I am told !

And when I think I will be good,
I find I cannot, if I would ;
I seem almost to try in vain,
For soon I am as bad again.

Yet there is One who pities me,
Who every thought and wish can see,
And, while so well he knows my case,
Offers to help me by his grace.

Father in heaven! thy grace impart,
To make me good and pure in heart;
That I from sin may turn away,
And love thee always and obey.

27. HOW TO BE SAVED.

I AM a sinful child,
My nature is depraved
My heart is guilty and defiled;
Oh how can I be saved?

The Bible shows the way—
I must repent of sin;
And ask the Lord to take away
This evil heart within.

To Jesus, God's dear Son,
For pardon I must fly;
He died for sins that I have done,
And now he reigns on high.

He will my sins forgive,
And a new heart bestow,
That I may to his glory live,
And serve him here below.

And when this body dies,
My soul to heaven shall soar,
To dwell with Christ above the skies,
Where I shall sin no more.

28. A NEW HEART.

THE Lord has said he will impart,
To those who pray, a new, clean heart,
And write his holy laws within,
That they may hate and turn from sin.

O Lord, give such a heart to me;
From Satan's power now set me free;
This wicked heart by grace renew,
And make it tender, pure, and true.

Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
And ever in my heart abide,
To keep me in thy fear and love,
And guide me to thy rest above.

29. GOOD AND EVIL.



A CHILD is by his doings known,
As well as others older grown ;
And if his work be pure and right,
Is pleasing in his Maker's sight.

We know, when we are doing wrong,
Our sin cannot be hidden long ;

God sees and knows it at the time,
And he will punish every crime.

How gladly doth his eye behold,
When we do well, as we are told !
He loves to see a child obey,
And try to keep his holy way.

Then let us seek to please the Lord,
And ask his grace, and mind his word,
That we may live as in his sight,
And love the good and choose the right

30. WHAT AM I ?

WHAT am I?—let me try to think :
The work of God am I ;
Not merely born to eat and drink,
And, like the beasts, to die.

God made me for a higher end,
And wiser far than they ;
To know and love him as my Friend,
And all his will obey.

Though I am now a sinful child,
There yet is hope for me ;

This soul of mine, by sin defiled,
A holy soul may be.

For God his own dear Son once gave
To take our sins away ;
And Jesus came to seek and save
The souls that went astray.

My soul can never, never die,
But may, through Jesus' grace,
For ever live with God on high,
And see him face to face.

31. A HUMBLE MIND.

SINCE I am a little child,
Humble I should be and mild ;
Always ready to be taught,
And to do the things I ought.

When I cannot have my way,
I must no ill-will display,
But must learn to bend my will,
And be kind and gentle still.

Pride and anger I must shun,
Nor be rude to any one ;

Evil tempers must not rise,
To offend God's holy eyes.

Lord, thy help and grace I seek,
Make me humble, modest, meek;
Poor in spirit may I be,
And submit myself to thee.

Father! like thine own dear Son,
I would be a lowly one,
Ever gentle, patient, kind;
Clothe me with a humble mind.



32. SAYING PRAYERS.

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the things I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart his favour seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,
We seek the blessed Saviour's love,
We ask for pardon of our sin,
And grace to make us pure within.

My infant lips were early taught
To say "Our Father," as I ought,
And every morn and every night,
To use my daily prayer is right.

But oh, if I am found to smile,
Or play, or look about the while,
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see,
And how can he be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I kneel to pray,
Not only mind the words I say;
But also strive, with earnest care,
To let my heart go with my prayer.

33. HOW TO PRAY.

O LORD, when I kneel down to pray,
Keep from my mind vain thoughts away;
That I may know thou seest me,
And feel I am alone with thee.

Let thy good Spirit move my heart,
And holy fear and love impart,
And while with grief my sins I own,
May I have hope through Christ alone.

Oh may I ever think of thee,
As one most kind and dear to me;
As my best Friend in heaven above,
My God and Father, whom I love.

So teach me, Lord, by grace divine,
To know that I indeed am thine;
And then how great my joy will be,
To lift my heart in prayer to thee.

34. THE CHILD'S PRAYER

LORD, look down on me,
Sinful though I be,
Draw my heart to thee.

Teach me how to pray,
Take my sins away :
Help me to obey.

Make me thine own child,
Humble, meek, and mild,
By no sin defiled.

Lord, be thou my Friend,
All my steps attend ;
Keep me to the end.

In thy faith and fear,
May I serve thee here,
Till thou shalt appear.

Then, Lord, saved by grace,
In yon happy place,
I shall see thy face.

Then, from sin quite free,
Heaven my home shall be,
There to dwell with thee.

35. GOD CARES FOR LITTLE ONES.



THOUGH I am but a little one,
God kindly cares for me ;
He sent from heaven his own dear Son,
From sin to set me free.

His will is not that such as I
Should perish in my sin :
Then if to please him now I try,
His favour I shall win.

Father in heaven! thy will be done,
Oh may I call thee mine!
Have mercy on a little one,
And make me truly thine.

Thou wilt not on an infant frown
Who humbly tries to pray,
But send thy Holy Spirit down
To show my soul the way.

Lord, help me, teach me more and more,
And make me grow in grace,
Till I am fit to stand before
The glory of thy face.

36. WHAT HIDES GOD FROM US.

DOES the great God who reigns on high
Look down upon me from the sky?
And am I ever in his sight,
Both all day long and through the night?
Then since the Lord is always near,
Why do I not behold him here?
And since his eye is fixed on me,
Why do I not his glory see?

Sin hides the Almighty from our sight,
God is too holy, pure, and bright,
For eyes like mine his face to view,
As saints and holy angels do.

I cannot bear the sun's bright ray,
It makes me turn my eyes away ;
Much less could I endure the sight
Of Him who gives the sun its light.

Yet may I hope to see his face,
When cleansed from sin by Jesus' grace ;
My eyes shall then his glory see,
And nothing hide his love from me.

37. GOD ORDERS ALL THINGS.

I THANK the Lord for all his grace,
To me so freely shown ;
At all times and in every place,
His goodness let me own.

It was not chance that placed me here,
Where I am trained and taught
My Maker's name to know and fear,
And love him as I ought.

The Lord in wisdom ordered where
And when my birth should be ;
And ever since, with tender care
He has watched over me.

He gives me all things ; day by day,
Fresh mercies does he send ;
And, if I sin them not away,
He will be still my Friend.

He orders all things ; on his care,
I may with safety rest ;
And all of pain I have to bear,
Is surely for the best.

38. GOD MY FATHER.

WILL God my Father be—
That God who reigns above ?
I wonder he should notice me,
With so much care and love.

I am so weak and small,
And he so very great ;
I wonder he should think at all
Upon my humble state.

Yet does he think of me,
And to my wants attend ;
And every day his care I see,
And on his grace depend.

Though I have oft done ill,
And no good thing can claim,
He lets me call him Father still,
And owns the tender name.

My Father! by thy grace,
Prove me thy child indeed ;
And till I come to see thy face,
Give all that I may need.

39. BLESS ME, O MY FATHER.

BLESS me, my Father, even me ;
Thine early grace impart :
Oh draw my infant soul to thee,
And cleanse from sin my heart.

Since thou hast made me by thy power,
I should thy name adore ;
Since thou dost keep me every hour,
I ought to love thee more.

But chiefly by thy saving grace,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son,
My soul is drawn to seek thy face,
And in thy ways to run.

Bless me, my Father, even me,
And fill me with thy love;
That I on earth may live to thee,
And dwell with thee above.



40. PRAYING TO BE LIKE JESUS.

LORD Jesus! who hast died for me,
That I might live in heaven with thee,
Look on a little child with love,
And help me from thy throne above.

My naughty tempers, Lord, subdue,
And all my sinful habits too;
And make me humble, patient, mild,
A gentle, loving, holy child.

Oh, teach me all that I should know;
In grace and wisdom may I grow;
The more I learn to know thy will,
The better may I serve thee still.

Lord Jesus! who hast died for me,
Help me to give my heart to thee;
Oh, fill it with thy love divine,
And make it pure and good like thine.

41. GOD SEES ME ALWAYS.

GOD can see me night and day,
In the light and in the dark;

All I do, or think, or say,
He is always near to mark.
If I do what is not right,
Then his eye is fixed on me ;
All is open to his sight,
Though no human eye may see.
Every sinful thought he knows,
Every word that is not true ;
And with love he looks on those
Who desire his will to do.
Let me then with holy fear,
Fly from every evil way ;
Since the Lord is always near,
And can see me night and day.

42. DIVINE CARE.

THERE is a Friend above us,
Whose daily gifts we share ;
A Father who doth love us,
And for our safety care.
There is an eye most holy,
That slumbers not, nor sleeps ;

That looks upon the lowly,
And watch o'er all things keeps.

He guards us in our slumber,
Each night, upon our bed ;
He even knows the number
Of hairs upon our head.

Then who can ever harm us,
Beneath our Father's eye ?
Or what should e'er alarm us,
While such a Friend is nigh ?

43. THE ORANGE.

In warmer climes than ours, we know,
God makes the oranges to grow,
And since not all are wanted there,
He kindly lets us have a share.

And many other good things, too,
Come from far countries, where they grew,
Come to our tables, day by day,
Our Maker's goodness to display.

Go, then, sweet juicy orange, go
To yonder bed of pain and woe ;

That poor sick child, in lowly cot,
The God of love has not forgot.

It was for this he brought you o'er
The sea, a thousand miles or more ;
That you, with juice so cool and sweet,
Might moisten lips that cannot eat.



How good is God ! how kind ! how wise !
Who all our wants each day supplies,
Sends good things to the rich man's door,
And to the dwellings of the poor.

He loves that they who much possess
Should help the poor in their distress,
And, with kind hand and feeling heart,
Be ever ready to impart.

44. THE BIBLE.

OF all the good books that are found upon earth,
The Bible stands first and alone;
There's none that comes near it in wisdom and
worth.

No other God's will can make known.

It tells us of great and of glorious things,
Which angels with wonder might hear;
Glad tidings from heaven to all men it brings,
Of peace and of pardon brought near.

God speaks in the Bible to each and to all,
With grace through the Son of his love;
And they who attend to his heavenly call,
Shall rise to his kingdom above.

There's much in the Bible that's easy and plain
To those who are lowly in mind ;
Nor even an infant shall read it in vain
The way of salvation to find.

Then dear to my heart be the book of the Lord,
Where daily these wonders I trace ;
And may I, thus fed on the milk of the word,
Grow stronger and richer in grace.

45. THE LORD'S DAY.

THIS is the Lord's own day,
The Sabbath of the Lord ;
Now I must leave my play,
And read and hear his word :
That word which makes the simple wise,
And tells of joys above the skies.

We keep one day in seven,
The day that God hath blest ;
The Sabbath day is given
That man and beast may rest ;

Now all that live from toil should cease,
And we should seek our God in peace.

Now with glad heart we go
Into the house of prayer,
That we his will may know,
And pray and praise him there.
For Jesus rose again this day,
And now to heaven he shows the way.

Lord Jesus! teach me how
To keep thy holy day:
Let thy good Spirit now
Help me to sing and pray;
And may the Lord's day ever be
A glad and happy day to me.

46. NOT TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

I AM not too young to die;
Some have died as young as I,
Some who were as well and strong,
Some who had not lived so long.

When I die, where shall I go?
To a world of joy or woe?

Rise to heaven with God to dwell,
Or for ever sink to hell ?

God invites me from above,
Jesus draws me by his love ;
For my sins his life he gave,
Now he ever lives to save.

If his word I now obey,
He will take my sins away ;
Then I need not fear to die,
For my soul will mount on high.

Jesus ! save me by thy grace,
Fit me for that holy place,
Where with thee, when time is o'er
I may live, to die no more.

47. LIFE AND DEATH.

OUR life is like a tender flower,
That often withers in an hour ;
Like grass cut down, we change and die,
And in the dust all pale we lie.

Though we are found in health one day,
The next we may be called away ;

A little thing may stop our breath,
And leave us still and cold in death.

Sin is the cause of death and pain ;
Sin makes us turn to dust again ;
As all have sinned, so all must die ;
Not one on earth from death can fly.



But when this life is passed away,
And we no more on earth can stay,
There is a better life above,
A heaven of joy, and praise, and love.

For Jesus died, and rose again,
That we might life and heaven obtain ;
And if he be our Lord and Friend,
Our life in heaven shall never end.

48. LIFE AFTER DEATH.

Is it true that I shall never
Cease to think, and feel, and know?
Am I made to live for ever,
In a world of joy or woe?
Yes, it is no idle story ;
I shall dwell with God on high,
In a world of light and glory,
Or in woe for ever lie.

Life that ne'er shall end, in heaven,
God bestows through Christ his Son ;
If we ask, it will be given ;
Jesus Christ will cast out none.

This is what the Bible teaches,
I may seek the gift divine ;
Even to a child it reaches,
I may hope to call it mine.

All on earth is fading, dying ;
Here I may not long remain ;
But to Christ for refuge flying,
When I die it will be gain.
Christ will to his glory take me,
All the joys of heaven to share ;
Holy, happy, he will make me ;
I shall live for ever there.

49. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Isa. xl. 11.

JESUS, like a shepherd tender,
Feeds his flock, and gives them rest ;
Praises to his name we render,
By whose grace our souls are blest.
As his lambs, he kindly takes us
In his gentle, loving arms ;
And in his own bosom makes us
Feel secure from all alarms.
Feeble as we are, he careth
For our wants from day to day ;
Each his love and pity shareth,
While he guides us in the way.

Meekly he hath gone before us,
Thus the path of life to show ;
And his mercy doth restore us,
When in some wrong way we go.
Holy Jesus ! still direct us :
While thy lambs on earth are found ;
Let thy mighty power protect us,
As we pass where snares abound.
Keep us, save us—may we never
Turn from thee, or grieve thy love ;
Feed us, lift us up for ever,
To thy glorious fold above !

50. "FEED MY LAMBS."

John xxi. 15.

THE little lambs of Jesus' fold,
To him are very dear ;
He loves them now, as when of old
He called the infants near.
Milk is for babes, and Jesus knows
The food which they require ;
And in his word it freely flows,
To suit their heart's desire.

Kind gentle words of truth and love,
In easy portions found,
Like manna falling from above,
In his good word abound.

And who the lambs of Christ will feed,
With tender, patient care?
They who love Jesus Christ indeed,
Such toil, such honour share.

Kind Saviour! let thy lambs be fed
With thine own truth and love,
And by thy heavenly care be led
Safe to thy fold above.

51. LITTLE CHILDREN PRAISING THE SAVIOUR.

To praise the Saviour's name,
Let little children try;
While saints and angels do the same,
In the bright world on high.

His love in heaven is sung,
His name is there adored;

Yet children here, though e'er so young,
May learn to praise the Lord.

The wonders of that love
No earthly tongue can tell,
Which brought our Jesus from above,
To ransom us from hell.

For us he wept and bled,
And suffered all his pain,
For us was numbered with the dead,
And rose to life again.

And still for us he prays,
And makes our souls his care ;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
And listens to our prayer.

Lord Jesus ! grant that we
May know thy saving grace ;
Live, while on earth, to honour thee,
In heaven behold thy face.

52. PRAISE FOR SALVATION.



COME, little children, come,
To praise the Lord unite ;
Not one of you be dumb,
Sing with your heart and might ;
In sounds of joy your voices raise,
For babes may sing their Maker's praise.

How great our Father's love !
He spared not his own Son,
But sent him from above,
The Just, the Holy One,

Upon the cross our sins to bear,
That we in heaven his love might share.

How kind must Jesus be,
To leave his throne on high,
To be as poor as we,
To suffer, bleed, and die :
To die for us, that we might rise
To live with him above the skies.

Sing, little children, sing,
For Jesus says you may ;
Oh praise your Lord and King,
And love him and obey :
And then, when he shall come again,
You shall with him in glory reign.

53. GLORY TO JESUS.

GLORY be to Zion's King
Let the babes in Zion sing :
Little ones like us may raise
Our glad voices in his praise.
He whom angels praise and love
In the world of light above,

Left his high and holy place,
To redeem us by his grace.

Jesus came our souls to save;
For our sins his life he gave:
Jesus died that we might live;
Glory to his name we give.

Jesus did not die in vain,
From the dead he rose again;
Now he ever lives in heaven,
And to him all power is given.

Jesus is the Lord of all;
Let his foes before him fall;
Let all people hear his word,
Sing his praise, and call him Lord.

Jesus is the Prince of peace,
Now let strife and anger cease;
Earth and heaven unite to sing,
Glory be to Christ our King.

54. PRAISE AND LOVE.

OH praise the Lord for he is good ;
He gives us life, and health, and food ;
He watches o'er us night and day,
And never turns his eyes away.

Young as we are, yet may we raise
Our feeble voices in his praise ;
Weak as we are, the Lord above
Will not despise an infant's love.

To him our love and praise we owe,
Who thinks on us in all our woe ;
Who sent his Son to bring us nigh,
And raise us to his throne on high.

Lord, may we love thee for thy love,
And when we see thy face above,
With voice more sweet, and love more strong,
There may we join the heavenly song.

THE END.



